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In Any Language

by [Enterprisingly](#)

Summary

A love story in 10 parts. Based on a tumblr post about relationship words that do not translate to English.

Notes

These were drabbles that kind of got way out of control. They're in loosely connected, chronological order. Unbeta'd. If you catch anything, please let me know.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Koi No Yokan (Japanese): The sense upon first meeting a person that the two of you are going to fall into love.

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When Jim first sees Spock, the earth does not move under his feet, his breath does not still in his lungs, and time does not stop. But he feels something- he's not exactly sure what- shift inside him.

Spock is a towering, obsidian figure rising from a sea of red and his voice is cold and precise as he does his utmost to tear Jim's world apart. There is an electric charge to their rapid back and forth

debate that Jim has never known before. And, though Jim feels anger and frustration towards him, he cannot shake the sense that there is a level to Spock that he does not have access to, that is more than obsessive devotion to limitations and regulations.

The part of Jim that is not occupied with trying not to let Spock get him thrown out of Starfleet is utterly captivated and intrigued by the Vulcan who's staring him down, as if he's the only being within a thousand light years. Jim feels Spock's words sizzle through him and he knows that *something* is beginning here.

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Yuanfen (Chinese): A relationship by fate or destiny. It draws on principles of predetermination, which dictate relationships, encounters and affinities, mostly among lovers and friends.

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On the whole, Spock does not like the idea of destiny because it is nebulous and immeasurable. He can't see, hear, touch, taste, or smell it, so ostensibly it should not exist. All the same, there are certain things that seem to be true, no matter what universe he's in; certain facts and events that seem as though they are fixed points in every reality.

He has had many a conversation with his counterpart from the alternate timeline and as his life story unfolds, the older Spock shares with him more and more about the reality that he came from, and it's impossible not to see the pattern building. Also building is Spock's suspicion that the relationship between the other Spock and his Jim Kirk was not platonic.

When he finally asks, the older man smiles softly, easily- in a way that Spock has not yet learned to do- and does not answer, but that is all the evidence that he needs. Spock is, after all, talking to himself, and even if they are not exactly the same person, he knows of only one thing that could ever cause such a profound stirring of emotion within him.

From that day on, Spock can't help but wonder if this too is destiny, or if he's only hoping it is.

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Saudade (Portuguese): The feeling of longing for someone that you love and is lost.

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Spock the elder has lived for 157 years and for the last 94, he has carried the memory of a man, who no longer exists, in his heart and in the recording stored on a pendant around his neck.

He tried, when he first lost his Jim, to forget about him and to purge his being of any and all emotions associated with the man, but it quickly became apparent that there was no way to do that. Even his attempt at undergoing the *Kolinhar* ritual failed. The sand was the color of Jim's hair and the sky was the color of his impossible eyes. As he stood in the great, yawning expanse of the desert, he was surrounded by memories so numerous and so insistent, that he realized that he could never truly shut them out by any means less permanent than death.

He also knew that Jim would never give in and give up, even in the face of empty loneliness of this magnitude, so Spock saw no choice but to wrap himself in reason and logic, throw himself into duty, and keep on going. Eventually the ache had eased and every breath that he drew was no longer a knife in his heart.

Then came the disaster with Romulus, the tear between dimensions, and after what seemed like the longest string of illogical coincidences in any universe, he finds himself standing face to face

once more with Jim.

But for all that he looks the same, he is not Spock's Jim. There are hard edges and jagged places to him that were never present in the man that Spock knew. There are shadows behind his eyes that move and shift and there is anger, too; white hot and deadly cold. So while this man is still young and may very well grow and become more like the James Kirk that Spock called *T'hy'la*, he will never be quite the same.

When he is alone once more, Spock mourns anew.

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Mamihlapinatapei (Yagan, an indigenous language of Tierra del Fuego): The wordless yet meaningful look shared by two people who desire to initiate something, but are both reluctant to start.

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Starfleet makes a lot of exceptions for Jim Kirk. He's saved everyone's skin enough times that to do anything less would be tantamount to sacrilege (there is actually a not so insignificant group of people who are beginning to view Jim as something of a religious icon, much to his amusement). All the same, he is still a Starfleet captain and as such is required to obey regulations- when they're not in the way of saving the galaxy. Of course there are some regulations that he does not need to be told twice to respect. Anti-fraternization regs for example; he's seen first hand what can happen when a romance goes sour on a starship.

It's not pretty.

With that in mind, it's been- if not easy, then at least possible- for him to keep his hands off of his crew. He honestly never intends to let himself fall into the trap of a shipboard relationship, and for the first three years of his command, he has no problem with that. Then Khan collides with his universe and Jim dies and Spock goes absolutely off the deep end- according to the reports Scotty, Uhura, Bones, the whole damn bridge crew, and what feels like most of the people who've visited him from Starfleet HQ have felt the need to give him when he wakes up from the coma.

Spock is at his bedside when he first comes to and for a few seconds, he thinks that if Spock were human, he might call the look in his eyes longing. And Jim, who is high on pain meds and the joy of breathing again, is helpless to do anything but smile at Spock and thank him for saving his life, because in that moment, Spock is the most amazing thing that Jim has ever encountered in his life.

After that, everything is different, for all that nothing has actually changed. It's weird and hard to describe and even Jim, whose life this is, can't really explain it. There's just a new awareness that he has of Spock and the role that he plays in Jim's life, and the slightly different role that Jim is becoming increasingly sure he wants Spock to play, frat regs be damned.

He realizes that this is dangerous territory but he can't seem to stop thinking about the possibility that his relationship with Spock could be something even greater than the earth-shattering friendship they already share. But Jim doesn't dare push the boundaries because this is a friendship that he will not risk losing over sex.

One night, a few weeks later, when they're playing chess in Jim's hospital room, he has just captured Spock's knight and he's reaching to take it at the same time that Spock goes to make his own move and their hands brush. In that instant Spock's eyes snap up and meet his and the look of wanting in them is so naked that Jim loses his breath. It sizzles through him like lightning and he is caught in the moment, unable to move for fear of never seeing that expression again. They linger

in the moment until Spock looks away and the spell is broken.

They both play terribly for the rest of the game and Jim realizes that he is in so much trouble because he's not sure if he's strong enough to resist temptation when he now knows that whatever this is, it is not even remotely one-sided.

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La Douleur Exquise (French): The heart-wrenching pain of wanting someone you can't have.

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There are lines that should never be crossed, and Spock, who has always believed himself to be a creature of laws and rules, contents himself with watching from afar as Jim's golden light sweeps over the galaxy, changing the lives of everyone he comes into contact with.

Spock cannot pinpoint exactly when this change in his feelings about Kirk occurred. The fact that he even *has* feelings about the Captain is astounding in and of itself but he cannot deny the truth.

Every last fiber of his being yearns for something so impossible and unattainable that he should not even consider it... and yet...

Jim Kirk is like a flame, blazing bright in the inky darkness of space and, illogical and dangerous as it is, Spock wants to surround himself with the captain's brilliant light and let himself be burnt away.

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Ilunga (Bantu): A person who is willing to forgive abuse the first time; tolerate it the second time, but never a third time.

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Spock refuses to tell Jim about Pon Farr until it's almost too late to salvage their relationship.

For the past few days Spock has been on edge and because Spock is *never* on edge, Jim has been on edge as well. To date, this has resulted in several minor disagreements and two major fights- of the type that verged on being physically violent- during which Jim was reminded of exactly how strong Spock really is, and he is forced to admit that this side of his First Officer is more than a little terrifying and Jim is really not okay with the idea of that happening again. The second fight is loud, explosive, and takes place right on the bridge, so the entire crew knows about it within nanoseconds and even after Jim has dismissed Spock for the rest of his shift, he has to endure the sideways glances of from his subordinates for the rest of the day.

By the time his shift is done, he is so agitated that he can hardly think straight and he has never been gladder to be in the middle of a relatively empty stretch of space, cataloguing stars. If they fuck up and die here, it won't be because Jim failed at his job.

He makes his way to Spock's quarters with a sort of thunderous determination that sends panicked ensigns skittering out of his way and creates a flurry of frantic whispering in his wake, punches his command-override code into the keypad, and walks straight into the room without bothering to knock.

His first officer is seated on the floor, meditating or at least pretending to be meditating, and he doesn't move when Jim enters.

“Spock. Talk to me. What the fuck is going on?”

Spock’s shoulders tighten but that is the only move that he makes to even acknowledge Jim’s words.

The anger that has been coiling, hot in Jim’s belly since their fight on the bridge springs to life, and he marches angrily over to stand in front of the seated Vulcan.

“You have two options here. Either you tell me what’s wrong and we go from there or I get McCoy down here, have him declare you unfit for duty, and let him confine you to sickbay and run as many goddamn tests as he wants until he figures out what the problem is.” Jim crosses his arms over his chest. “Given how much you value your privacy, I’m giving you this choice on how we proceed, but this ship can’t function if her first officer is falling apart and...”

I can’t function with you falling apart either. His mouth clicks shut, just in time to prevent the words from tumbling out, but something changes in the air between them and Spock looks up, meeting his eyes for the first time in what seems like years.

Jim can practically see the iron bands of willpower with which Spock is holding himself together. The fury and volatile anger that Jim has experienced flashes of over the last few days, are still there but the Vulcan has leashed it as tightly as he is apparently capable of doing at this time. It simmers behind his eyes and hums in the air like an Iowa summer storm.

Spock swallows and Jim watches his throat work. “What I am about to tell you... it is not something for outworlders to know. It is the greatest source of shame for my race and... I tell you only because I know you are my friend and you will not betray the trust I am about to place in you.”

He wants to grab Spock and shake him until the Vulcan stops stalling and tells him everything, but the effort that Spock is making to do even this is monumental and Jim will respect him and give him the time to answer on his own terms. So instead of snapping at Spock to just spit it out already, Jim uncrosses his arms and sits down across from the Vulcan and says, “Of course. My lips are sealed.”

Spock’s dark eyes snap to stare at Jim’s lips then, and then back up to meet Jim’s eyes, as Spock realizes what he’s doing.

“It... this is... it has to do with Vulcan biology.” Spock begins, haltingly. Jim has never known Spock to speak with anything other than complete confidence and his sudden hesitance makes Jim nervous, but Spock’s speech patterns even out again as he continues. “Specifically the reproductive imperative that is programed into our DNA. It is called the Pon Farr- the time of mating, which occurs once every seven years in every mature Vulcan.”

Jim frowns at him slightly and oh he’s going to be so mad if this is just Spock throwing a tantrum because he hasn’t gotten laid in a while, but there is a gravity to the situation that makes him suspect that is not the case. All the same, this is seriously not what he was expecting to hear and he can’t keep himself from saying, “So... what? You’re... *sexually frustrated?*”

He knows that it’s a tactless thing to say and he regrets the words as soon as they leave his mouth and Spock gets this *look* on his face that lets Jim know that he’s being totally culturally insensitive and not understanding what Spock is dancing around actually telling him, and Spock’s involuntarily clenching hands speak of frustration that is too close to the earlier violence for Jim’s comfort.

“The desire for sex is certainly a part of it,” Spock says, “but it is more than that, particularly the

first time. It is a drive to claim a mate and forge a bond with them and as time wears on, the drive becomes a compulsion that erodes all control and all logic. And if not obeyed..."

He looks away and Jim feels something cold settle in his stomach as Spock continues. "If a Vulcan in the throes of Pon Farr does not either claim a mate or satisfy the compulsion with ritual combat, they will die."

The words hit him like a punch to the gut and Jim lets out a choked-off sound of surprise and alarm. "Spock... Why didn't you *say* anything until now? Is there anyone who can help? Uhura, maybe? Or someone on New Vulcan?"

Slowly Spock shakes his head. "As you know, I terminated my relationship with Nyota three point four months ago and I do not believe that she nor Engineer Scott would welcome me attempting to come between them. Additionally... while she remains a valued colleague and friend, I have no wish to bond with her."

Spock's eyes are boring into Jim, and there are thoughts, feelings- *emotions* hidden behind them, so strong that they threaten to overtake Jim like a tidal wave. Suddenly he cannot bear to be the focus of this kind of attention any longer. It's too much.

Jim gets to his feet once more, pacing around the room. His head is buzzing and he feels sick. He can't lose Spock. Not like this. He just *can't*.

"And there's no one on New Vulcan who can help you?"

Spock makes a noise that might be a sigh if it came from anyone else. "The Vulcan population is so low that it is imperative that every Vulcan couple is capable of producing offspring. As a child of two species, I am incapable of this. It is therefore illogical to investigate the possibility of taking a Vulcan bondmate. In the days before the destruction of Vulcan, I was... betrothed, you might call it, to a woman named T'Pring, but she perished with our planet and to request a new match be made, when I have nothing to offer my people by doing so, would be highly illogical and selfish."

That bit of news comes straight out of left field and somehow, despite the urgency and seriousness of this whole situation, this is what Jim fixates on. "Wait, wait; you were *betrothed*? And you never told me?" He demands, throwing out his hands in a wide gesture of outrage.

Spock looks reproachfully up at him. "When exactly was I supposed to bring it to your attention? It is not a subject that lends itself well to light conversation over chess, for the purpose of recreation and relaxation, and I have long since mourned and dealt with her loss in every way save for the situation in which I now find myself."

Jim closes his eyes and pinches the bridge of his nose. "That is so not the point, Spock. We're friends, right? Friends tell each other things like this, even if there's no ideal time for the conversation."

"I... see." Spock says in a voice that says that he doesn't really see, but he's filing this piece of information away in his library of facts about human behavior.

Silence falls then and it fills the gulf between them for a few minutes before Jim sees Spock's forehead crease slightly and watches him open and close his hands a few more times, unconsciously. He realizes that they have gotten completely sidetracked and they still don't have a viable solution to save his first officer's- his friend's- life.

Except that they do have a solution, and it's obvious and it's been staring them in the face the whole time, but it's one that Spock will probably not like because he's Spock and this is going to

go against everything that he believes in.

But all of the easier paths are blocked and Jim has seen the appraising stares that Spock sometimes sends in his direction, when he thinks that Jim won't notice, but if there is one thing Jim Kirk knows, it is what it feels like to be desired and there can be no other name for what he has seen in Spock's eyes. If he is honest with himself he has known that Spock wants something more out of their relationship for quite some time now, but they have both been reluctant to step over the edge and make the leap. Jim isn't really sure if even the threat of his death looming over him will be enough to push Spock to take hold of what he is about to offer.

He comes to stand in front of Spock once more. "You know... you've treated me like shit the past few days." He begins, "And normally I wouldn't tolerate that. If you were anyone else, I'd have had you thrown in the brig for insubordination."

Spock looks at Jim as if he's finally lost his mind, trying to understand the rapid switch in direction of the conversation. Undaunted, Jim kneels down and presses onwards.

"The thing is, though, you're *not* anyone else and so, this time at least, I've given you leeway that I would not give to anyone beside you."

He reaches out a hand and places it against Spock's face, thumb stroking against his cheek, palm cupping his jaw, and Spock *trembles*, involuntarily pressing his face into the contact.

"Jim..." He breathes.

"Shut up and let me finish." Jim cuts him off, but his words are gentle. "I know that you can read what I'm feeling like this and unless I'm more wrong about you than I've been about anyone in my entire life, I know that you like me enough to willingly seek out my company and I've seen you looking at me so don't even try to deny that you find me attractive, which puts me ahead of anyone else, that I'm aware of, in the rankings of people who you would consider qualified to help you with this problem."

Spock draws a breath and his eyes drift shut, black lashes fanning over cheeks that are flushing slightly green. His hands are clenched into tight fists in his lap. "Jim. Stop... you do not know what you're talking about here. A bond is exclusive and permanent. You do not want either of those things and you need to leave before I lose control again. This time I might not be able to stop myself."

"Spock, you asshole. I know exactly what I'm talking about and exactly what I'm offering here. What we have... this relationship is different from anything that I've ever had with anyone before and I know that you can feel that too. I know that you think you have me all figured out, but what you don't get is that people change and things change and sometimes even commitment-phobic jerks like me can start to realize that they want more out of life than a series of meaningless one-night stands." He presses his forehead to Spock's, feeling the feverish warmth of his skin, and Spock's breathing, coming in rapid, shallow puffs of air across Jim's lips.

"See, here's the thing, Spock: we're at the edge of a cliff now, with your life hanging in the balance, and we're either going over the edge together or separately, but before this is over, we're both gonna fall. Because I can't- I won't lose you and if I am forced to watch you die, knowing that I could have done something about it, you had better believe that there is no way that I will come out of that unscathed."

There is a split-second of hesitation before Spock surges forward and captures Jim's lips with his own, pressing him backwards and Jim feels a rush of elation and victory, before his brain ceases to work because Spock's tongue is sweeping across the seam of his lips and into his mouth and he's

kissing Jim like the universe will end if he stops.

Jim tips backwards, pulling Spock with him so that they are sprawled on the floor, arms and legs tangled together. It's messy and rushed and hot, so hot and when Jim pulls back to breathe and Spock applies himself to mapping Jim's neck and jawline with his mouth, he's pretty sure that he's actually going to die. Jim is half-hard already; his pants feel like they're a size too small and Spock pressing against him from above is a delicious combination of torment and relief.

Jim, remembering something he had heard once, about Vulcan hand sensitivity, reaches blindly for the hand that Spock is not currently using to support himself above him, takes hold of it, and pulls it up to press the fingertips against his mouth in a kiss that is part Human and part Vulcan and completely devastating to Spock, who is staring at Jim like he has never seen him before.

Spock's body rocks with a shudder when Jim's tongue swirls along the pad of one of his fingers and Jim laughs, low and dirty in his throat before sucking the finger into his mouth and lightly scraping his teeth over it.

Abruptly, Jim is no longer on his back. Spock has somehow hoisted them both off the floor in a single movement that, given the state of Spock's shredded control, should not have been that graceful, but totally was, and he's being all but carried over to the bed.

Jim has a few more seconds of rational thought before Spock is tugging off his blue tunic, reaching for Jim's matching gold one, and then kissing him again, hands alive and warm and moving.

Time seems to stop and he is pretty sure that the rest of their clothes have vanished without Jim or Spock actually taking the time to get out of them. There is a hand between their bodies- *his?* *Spock's?* Jim doesn't even know where one of them ends and the other begins anymore- stroking them together. Every movement is fire in his veins, building and building and he has a sudden, passing thought that after a multitude of sexual encounters all across the galaxy, he has never once felt anything like this. Then he's coming and he's pretty sure that this is what it would feel like to fall into a star and live to tell the tale- though he's not totally certain that he's even alive anymore.

Jim is lost, so lost in the rush of it all, until he feels Spock's hand at the psi points on his face and he is anchored and *oh*. He knew that Spock felt something for him but he never knew that it could be like *this*. The depth of the *love* that Spock feels for him is so much greater than he could ever have imagined.

As Spock's consciousness sinks into Jim's, he knows for the first time what it means to be home.

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Forelsket: (Norwegian): The euphoria you experience when you're first falling in love.

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They are obscene by Vulcan- and just kind of sickeningly sweet by Human- standards in the first few weeks after they get together. Jim is dizzy, almost stupidly giddy with affection and happiness and Spock is slightly less intimidating and there is a general sense of joyous festivity that washes over everything during that time.

Uhura rolls her eyes at them when she catches Jim and Spock standing far closer than necessary at Spock's console, but she's smiling and Jim can do nothing other than smile back at her.

There are a lot of stolen kisses - of both the Vulcan and Human variety - in their quarters, in empty corridors, in turbolifts, on away missions. Jim knows that he gets this really obvious shit-eating

grin on his face each time Spock initiates the contact. Best of all, though, is that for everything that has changed, many things are exactly as they have always been, and Jim finds it incredible that their relationship has not lost anything when it gained a sexual and romantic aspect. Spock calls him illogical when he tries to explain this to him, but this is so new and novel to Jim. He's never really had a relationship before, that blurred the lines between friendship and love. Hell, he's pretty sure that he's never been in love, either and he knows that sure as hell, it's never been anything like this.

When the beeping alarm that signals the end of alpha shift sounds over the bridge com system, Jim rises from his chair and wanders over to Spock's station, weaving through the Alpha and Beta bridge crew members who are in the process of trading places.

The Vulcan is still immersed in his work, but he looks up when he feels Jim resting a hand on his shoulder.

"Captain?" He asks, looking up and it takes all of Jim's self control not to do something really inappropriate like kiss him right there, in the middle of the bridge. He settles for sliding his hand along Spock's shoulder until the tips of his fingers are resting lightly against the bare skin of the back of his neck.

"Mr. Spock, I do believe that the shift is over and I seem to recall that we have a date with a chess board in my quarters."

Spock's expression remains perfectly neutral, but Jim feels a curl of pleasure through their bond. "Of course. If you will allow me to finish these calculations and I will meet you there in a few minutes."

Jim grins at him. "As you were, Mr. Spock."

There's a soft sound that might be muffled giggling to their left and both Jim and Spock look over to see Chekov and Sulu quickly averting their eyes and hurrying into one of the turbolifts, not even trying to keep their expressions neutral.

"Crazy pilots." Jim mutters, but he's still smiling.

The whole crew is totally aware of what's going on with their commanding officers (he's actually heard rumors of a betting pool that made one of the engineers very wealthy) but he just doesn't care because he has his ship, and his crew, and his best friend who threatens him with hypodermics but is secretly happy for him, and on top of all of that he gets to have Spock, too.

His life has never been better.

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Cafuné (Brazilian Portuguese): The act of tenderly running your fingers through someone's hair.

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Spock's hair is black as the dark of space, about the same texture as raw silk, and it slides through Jim's fingers like water.

Somehow, when Spock sits in the V of Jim's thighs and leans back against his stomach, letting Jim push his hair through his fingers over and over again, it feels almost more intimate than sex. It's in these moments, when Spock is blissed out and drifting in the place that is somewhere between sleep and wakefulness, their bond warm and open between them, Jim feels like they could not get closer to one another if they tried.

Most of the time they wind up like this when Spock has an excess of reports from the science lab to finish checking, but Jim being who he is, needs his attention *now*. So they will settle on the couch in Jim's quarters and Jim will card his fingers through Spock's hair until Spock finishes his reports and lets down his iron resolve, allowing himself to be lulled into a dreamlike state.

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Retrouvailles (French): The happiness of meeting again after a long time.

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The story of how Spock got kidnapped is a lot less interesting than the story of how Jim gets him back. Because it's a fairly standard 'stun, grab, and run' kidnapping, but there is nothing standard about the rescue mission. From the fact that Jim *knows* with total certainty that Spock is still alive- even though the Gorians have given every indication of being a race that believes in shoot first, ask questions later- to the fact that he nearly goes AWOL from Starfleet, with the entire crew of the Enterprise in tow, everything is off the books and more than a little out of control.

It takes almost half a year for them to track down the ship upon which Spock is being held and the Captain James Kirk- who targets the ship's thrusters with the Enterprise's phasers, all but decimating their shields and bringing the vessel to a standstill, before he even bothers hailing them- is a very different man than the Jim Kirk who beamed down to their planet's surface to make first contact, all those months ago.

Sulu's scans reveal six Gorian and one Human/Vulcan hybrid life sign aboard and Jim gives them 30 seconds to stand down and drop their shields on their own, or he will order the Enterprise to destroy them and they'll beam their crewman out while the Gorians suffocate and die in the vacuum of space. They have the tech for this, Jim tells them, even though they don't really. What they do have, though, is Chekov, who could probably get Spock to safety if it came down to it, but Jim is betting that the Gorians aren't going to push the issue on this.

He's right.

Their shields go down and Jim gives the order for Spock to be beamed out and directly to sickbay, before ordering a security team over to the other ship to take the Gorians into custody.

Then Jim closes the channel and takes off running for sickbay without even bothering to pass the conn to anyone.

He bursts through the sickbay door to find a flurry of activity. McCoy and his flock of nurses are all crowded around a biobed and Jim can't see Spock though them but he can feel him and he can feel the second that Spock senses his presence, and there is a rush of *loveyouloveyouloveyoureliefsafenowmissedyoumissedyoumissedyou* that ricochets back and forth between them and Jim is stumbling pushing through the nurses and then-

Spock is reaching out for him and Jim wraps his arms around Spock's body- he is so thin and the shadows under his eyes are dark and deep- but he's alive and here and it's going to be okay. Jim presses a kiss against his forehead and holds onto Spock with everything that he has. Spock's arms come up to wrap around Jim and he sighs against his neck.

You're safe now, I love you, I missed you.

You came for me.

You would have done the same for me.

I would.

I know you would.

An eternity passes between them before McCoy finally pries the two of them apart, gently and with more patience than he has ever displayed with Jim in their entire friendship. Jim finds himself shuffled into a chair besides Spock's bed but he refuses to let go of Spock's hand for a very, very long time.

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Ya'aburnee (Arabic): "You bury me." It's a declaration of one's hope that they'll die before another person, because of how difficult it would be to live without them.

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They never talk about the fact that Spock is likely going to outlive Jim. Even if both of them make it out of Starfleet alive, it is unlikely that Jim will live as long as his half-Vulcan bondmate. It is something that they carefully avoid bringing up, because they are still young and they will not face the end of their natural lives for many, many years.

All the same, there are some nights when Jim is asleep but Spock is still wide awake, and he is left to contemplate the warm, peaceful silence on the other end of his bond and to face the fact that one day he will likely feel the raging, empty void rush in to take its place.

He is reminded of the agony of losing T'Pol, with whom he was not even properly bonded, and the pain of losing his planet and he feels the cold claws of illogical fear, of a possibility that may not even come to pass, crawling up his spine.

On those nights he will force himself to meditate until he can push the thoughts aside, and then he will wrap himself around Jim and whisper Vulcan words of love and devotion into his hair, until he wakes and responds in kind, washing away the worry with kisses and comfort and whispered promises against Spock's skin, that Jim will not go anywhere that Spock cannot follow.

When Jim tells him this, eyes electric blue in the low light of their quarters, souls wrapped so tight that they are practically one entity, Spock, against all reason and logic, believes him.

Jim is the brightest star in his universe and Spock will follow him for as long as he shines.

End Notes

I wrote this on a train, on my phone, edited and formatted it on my computer, and then posted it from my phone. I'm not sure if this was an exercise in patience or insanity.

There's a line in here inspired by a quote from Middlesex:

<http://coolquotescollection.com/15097/i-went-into-the-desert-to-forget-about-you-but-the-sand-was-the-color-of-your>

And a big thank you is owed to itreallyisthelittlethings on tumblr for her posts about Spock Prime, which made me want to write him into this too.

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